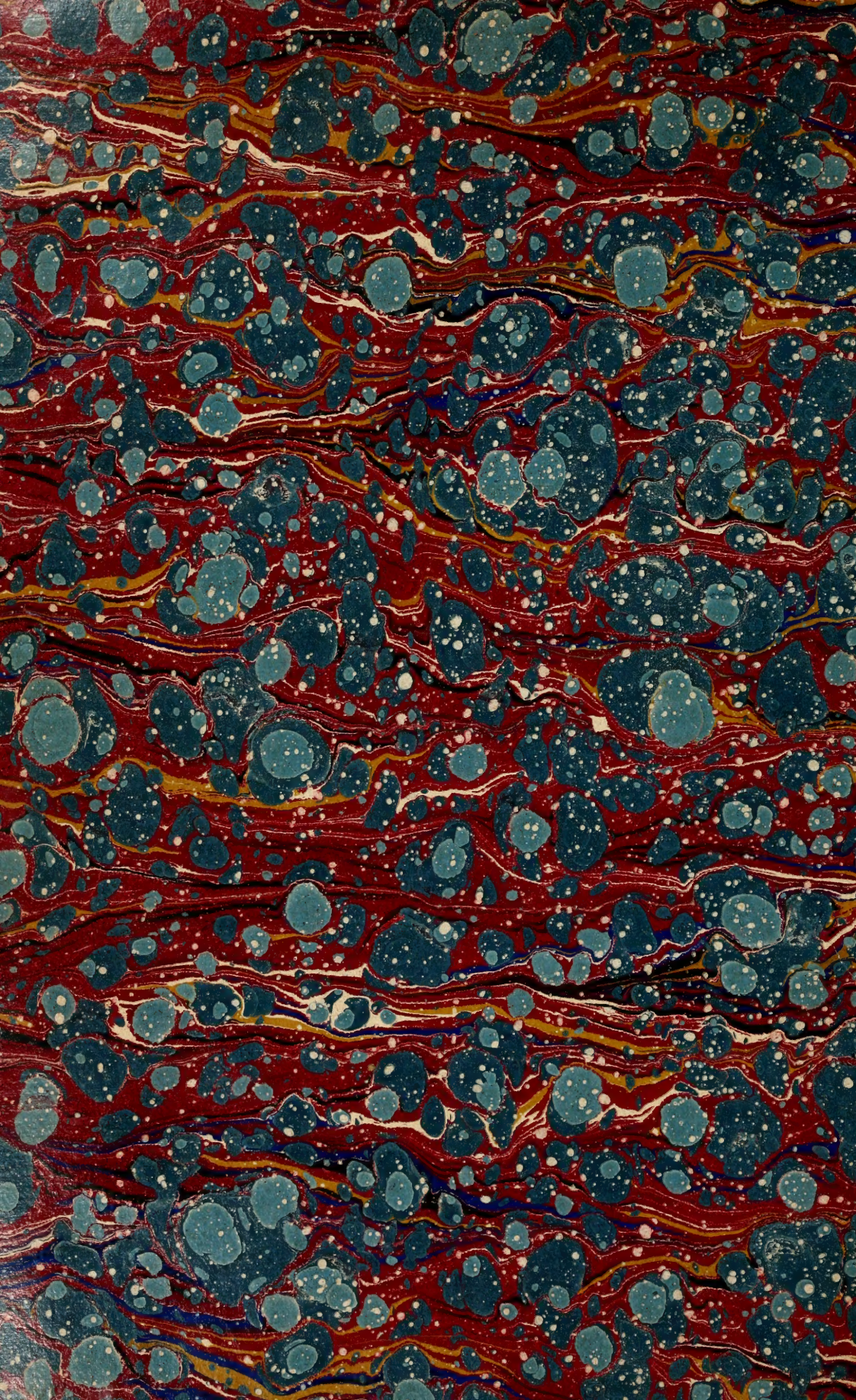

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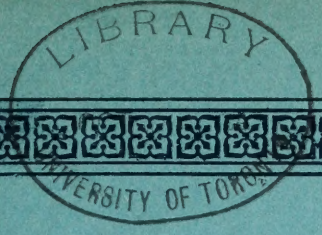

The Onlooker

A Literary Journal of Independent Critical Opinion on Public Affairs

Vol. I—No. 7 TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1920 Price—20c.

Not Party & The People

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NOT PARTY **THE ONLOOKER** *THE PEOPLE*

JAMES COBOURG HODGINS, Editor

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THE WAR AND SOME OF ITS RESULTS

TWO years after the Great War finds the world in a state of chaos. The swimmer has touched bottom and found his feet, but is wearied, spent, still half-dazed, half-blinded, and at the mercy of the undertow, which tosses him hither and yon. By and by he will crawl painfully over the hard shingle with bruised and bleeding feet; stretch out on the warm sand and take possession for good, it is to be hoped, of a new continent.

And it will be no happy isle—make no mistake about that!—but a realm demanding all the old qualities of steadfastness, hard work, sacrifice and loyalty to the best that is in the race.

The swimmer is the modern man-child; the ocean the tremendous psychological upheaval caused by the war, and the island the changed conditions of human existence on this planet.

What we are all going through is readjustment; and the most of us see nothing exhilarating in the process. Adjustment, to be sure, is always painful; has to be; but in the end (if there be such a thing as real progress) salutary—if not for the individual, still, for the race.

No doubt each nation considers its own situation worst. There is a curious unanimity of pessimism at the present time. By all the rules of the game the United States ought to be in the happiest case of all at the present moment. Is it? Not if its own publicists and thinkers are to be believed! The people of the United States were late getting into the war. They had the supreme advantage of being in a position to profit by the mistakes of the Allies; they had practically cornered all the surplus gold of the world; they entered into an inheritance of experience dearly bought by the blood and sweat of others, *and they fell down disastrously:* not in courage, not in the desire to help to the limit, but in preparation, efficiency, and results.

How fared it with the Old Land? Britain spent thirty-two billions of our money and got, in the main, good value. She improvised as she went along in the old humorous, tragic, rule-of-thumb way. She made mistakes, but she grew stronger with every defeat. It is not too much to say that the war brought home to the average English manufacturer, as in a blinding flash of lightning, the folly of sticking to antiquated methods of production. It was

a big price to pay for an entirely new and modern plant; but, from a purely financial aspect, it was money well spent.

If, as a result of the war, the things fought for deepen in value and become increasingly precious to mankind, then, of a surety, the Allies may be said to have won. On the other hand, if the last result prove to be a loss of spiritual values all along the line and a new and bitter emphasis on material things, then the victory goes to Germany, since in that event, the Germanic ideal will have conquered the race. We are at that critical pass all over the world at the present time. For the moment the world seems soused in materialism and selfishness. If the Church and the University only knew it, their supreme hour of trial has come. If the forces of righteousness and idealism prove their powerlessness at the present dread pass of affairs then "Alarum! we are betrayed!"

We will venture to assert that the United States fell down—as it did fall down—not in valor or good intent, but in preparation—because of its absurd idealism. It wanted perfection in guns, hand grenades, aeroplanes, motors, and all the rest of it, and wasted weary months in experimentation. It started in to make a record and collapsed half-way to the tape. Finally it had to fall back on the hardly-driven Allies for bare equipment. It is to be hoped that the record of this *fiasco* will some day be written. It will be a most valuable contribution to the history of wasted efforts and a corrective of national conceit. In a sense, no more tragic or pathetic thing ever happened in the long history of mankind. Hand grenades that were 80% efficient and excellent were rejected because not close enough to the ideal 100%; but French grenades that were 65% efficient were actually used. The Browning gun never got into real action. It also had to be perfect. The Liberty Motor, which was to have revolutionized the whole problem of aerial flight, was never manufactured in quantity; one billion two hundred millions were spent on aeroplanes, and no one to this day seems to know where the money went. *Cost plus ten per cent* stalled the whole magnificent equipment of the country and created an army of millionaires. Hog Island, which by this date, with the other shipyards, was to have produced 20,000,000 tons of shipping, is a desolation. The railways are short of equipment, and in no position to float new loans, and fares and freights are almost prohibitive. This "mighty and puissant" nation followed Emerson's advice and tried to "hitch its wagon to a star," with the result that wagon and wagoner got completely bogged. Had the Government put the whole problem up to the American business man, left the railways alone, and trusted to American inventiveness and energy, it is safe to say that they would have "turned the trick." The moral? Trust personal freedom to the limit-line. Only a nation of slaves can be standardized. The free man may make mistakes, but, since he has no system or government to blame or fall back

upon, he will quickly enough learn through experience and triumph in the end. What we in Canada may learn from this failure of iron-clad governmental control is, that socialism, however disguised, will not work in the case of Anglo-Saxons and may as well be given up. It cost the United States twenty-two billions to find this out, and will prove cheap at the price.

But wherever we turn there is unrest and confusion: just because the swimmer is struggling on the coast of a new continent, and has had all his previous conceits and convictions pretty well battered out of him. We think he is mistaken in using the word "new." The spectrum assures us that the most distant star is identical in its composition with our own earth; and, if the swimmer only knew it, the new continent on which he has been thrown up is not a new continent at all, but the same old world with the same old problems: the main one, How to increase the margin of safety in the form of capital, *i.e.*, commodities, so as to banish from our imaginations the grisly spectre of famine.

At present we are living in a fool's Paradise; hoping that by means of some magic in the form of a new social theory, or, what is the same thing, brand-new legislation, we shall be able to make one dollar do the work of two and so tide over the crisis and save the day. It is, of course, a vain hope. Legislation can *control*, but it cannot create wealth. Only hard work can do that.

We will take sugar as an example of popular folly. This promised to be a sweet morsel to the dissatisfied. At present in the United States sugar is comparatively cheap. Why? Because there is an over-plus of sugar? On the contrary, sugar is short by 33% of the normal world-total. There is a huge world-shortage, caused by the war and the elimination of the beetroot product. Moreover, Cuba at this moment is on the very verge of revolution. Should that great source of the world's supply fail we would have as our main source of dependence India and the Eastern islands, and what we can raise ourselves. Sugar may yet reach alarming heights. What has taken place in brief is this: There is a temporary over-plus in Canada and the United States; but none too much considering the almost certain future shortage of this prime necessity. The banks have restricted credits in every direction, and sugar is no exception. "Turn your sugar into cash," has been the form of the mandate. "We can carry you no longer." Result! A sudden and spectacular dumping in a limited area and an artificial fall in prices. When the 850,000 tons odd are absorbed—what then? The public will not be at the mercy of the refiners; they never were; but they *will be* at the mercy of the growers of cane. Is there no escape for us? There is. Let us get into the beetroot industry at once, and scientifically, and in three years we will be in a position to laugh at foreign dictation. In the fat lands north of Lake Erie and in Southern Alberta is a true new continent—if we would only realize it.

The only real new continents that can possibly be exploited are the new continents that may yet be discovered by science. When science reaches the extreme limit of its vision and acknowledges its *ne plus ultra* the last adjustment of intelligence to a material environment must perforce take place and the ultimate intention of a Divine Intelligence in placing man on this planet will have been fulfilled. At present all this seems at an illimitable distance. It probably is; though we are beginning to talk of substitutes. The modern scientist acknowledges no limits and can foresee none. To-morrow is his new continent and next year he confidently expects a fresh galaxy of wonders. Nor will he be disappointed. It is not a question of lack of resources so much as a problem of distribution and just apportionment. We are all in the Pass Perilous, and there is no use shutting our eyes to the fact. What is needed is not so much a new theory—we are hag-ridden with theories now—as a change of heart and a larger conception of the true uses of life.

So far the reaction of our returned soldiers on the situation has been scarcely noticeable one way or the other. The most of them, no doubt, were glad to get back into civil life and thankful to be alive at all. They had been through Hell; had fed to repletion on horrors, and desired no sweeter boon of Heaven than just to slip quietly into the old ruts and breathe the air of peace. Those who expected them to immediately take hold of things and work a political and social revolution were surely wide in their reckonings and contemptible in their hopes. It is to the credit of the returned soldier that he has, so far, refused the blandishments of the agitators, has maintained his manly self-respect, and has organized on a simple non-partisan basis for the entire, sensible object of protecting his human rights.

And here arises a question which we would put to those foolish people who kept saying "Wait till the soldiers return, and then you will see something doing!" The question is this: What right had we to expect that the returned soldier, worn and battle-scarred, would do for us *what we ought to have done for him?* He had a right, after what he came through, to anticipate return to a happy, loyal and united country. He really fought for that. What did he find on his return? Let us hang our heads in shame! When he lifts his eyes and takes a broad view of his beloved Canada, whose very dust is dear to him, what does he behold at this hour? How he must, in his secret soul, despise the whole brood of malcontents, "Windy Jocks," irresponsible agitators, stirrers up of strife, exponents of class envy, and advocates of governmental chaos! As he contrasts the iron rigor of his former life; his unquestioning obedience to but one great end; the dear love of comrades, proved in many a loathsome trench and in many a midnight vigil; the

passionate race-loyalty that lifted to the stars; the unselfishness even unto death; the manliness and red blood and vigor of it all; and then surveys the mean partisan strife which is rampant on all sides, can we wonder, need we wonder, that he should feel embittered? The fault for all this is not his: it is ours. He fought for the continued unity of the Empire and the freedom of mankind, only to find his own land on his return a thing of political shreds and patches and in grave danger of going on the rocks. He left Peace and plunged into War. He had a right to expect Peace on his return and found instead strife and division. Why? Because we who remained behind were not big enough and noble enough to let the old senseless hates die; because, apparently, we really love the rancors of political strife more than we love a good understanding among all classes and co-operation for the general good. But the soldier's record is clean. Here and there there were sporadic outbursts and demands for gratuities that could not be met; but it is safe to say that the vast majority of our returned soldiers accepted the situation, and took up the duties of citizenship as all in the day's work. There has been an utter absence of boasting. The overpowering experience through which these men have gone has left them chastened and subdued—humble even. They are as great in peace as in war.

Will they make themselves felt in the future history of Canada? They will, and, unquestionably, for good. It is safe to say that what happened in the United States at the close of the Civil War will be repeated in Canada. The men who saved Canada on the field of battle will save her in any hour of trial and turmoil that may be ahead. One great lesson they learned—and would that we might all learn it!—that in subordination to a great end lies the only safety and peace for mankind. It was because those in command symbolized a great ideal that they were unselfishly obeyed. The power and authority was not of the person, but of the cause—dear to officer and private alike. Had there been no shining ideal their tasks would have grown abhorrent. It was because each soldier was, in greater or lesser degree, buoyed up and exhilarated by an end that seemed to transcend and, indeed, glorify all lesser ends that for four long years of horror, unparalleled in human annals, he bated not one jot of hope or courage, and in the end won through. To praise would be superfluous; to record, just.

Surely these men—the very flower of our race—had a right to expect on their return a country enlarged, purified and devoted to the task of upbuilding. They were sick of the work of destruction and enamored of peace. What was provided for them? No sooner was the Armistice signed than political discord broke out. Party passion, which, in our blindness, we supposed had passed away, suddenly revived in a more virulent form than ever. The men who had carried crushing burdens at the expense of health and strength

were set upon with a ferocity akin to madness; and this at a time when, tied to their desks by tasks that might well appal the stoutest heart, they were unable to hit back or even explain. Men who had played safe, or had openly opposed relief to our hardly pressed ranks in France, suddenly came out into the sunlight and dared to criticize those who had uncomplainingly borne the burden and heat of the day: assumed—and what deeper insult was ever offered to loyal hearts?—that, in opposing Conscription, they had been right all the time. Audacity probably never went farther in the history of Canadian politics than that one of them, and the chief offender, should now aspire to supreme control of the political destinies of this loyal land. These men, who had learned the deep truth that without unity of control and responsible settled authority society is but a disorderly and selfish mob, came face to face with organized class-groups—unrelated, antagonistic, suspicious of each other's motives and intent on policies that, if carried out, would undo the work of a half century of patient upbuilding. They heard of extravagant wages, of wild expenditures, of vast profits, of luxury undeterred by any price and they retained their poise and do retain it. But the day will come when they will quietly and efficiently, without boasting and without bluster, not dominate, but lead this land by sheer dogged force of character and sound sense; for the lessons burned into their souls will bear fruit in time to the saving of the nation.

STATISM AND INDIVIDUALISM

By Prof. John Squair

(*Continued from last issue*)

SOME twenty years ago a wave of strong feeling passed over this continent, which found expression in a striking phrase, "The Public Ownership of Public Utilities." It became fashionable to say harsh things of the Boards of Directors and Managers of gas companies, street railways and the like. Prospective mayors and aldermen found it hard to be elected unless they subscribed to the doctrine of P. O. of P. U. They had to make it clear that they were on the People's side, that they were opposed to robbery by the bandits of the private ownership of public utilities. And, accordingly, if in a town there were privately owned gas or tram companies, it became necessary for the town council to quarrel as often as possible with these companies in order to give a reputation for public zeal to the mayor and aldermen and help to keep them in office in subsequent years. The accompanying lawsuits were costly for the public treasury, and in addition the misunderstandings engendered lowered the quality of the service rendered the municipality. But these were trifles. The great thing was that high principles were inculcated and defended. If you make progress in regard to ideals you must expect to pay for it. The newspapers, with great

unanimity, placed themselves on the side of Public Ownership. If perchance here and there old-fashioned papers expressed their doubts regarding the wisdom of the wholesale adoption of the new policy it was not uncommon to insinuate, or charge openly, that such journals were subsidized by the capitalists. That a free, unbiased, uncorrupted mind could be in favor of private ownership was for the average newspaper unthinkable.

In this Province the most considerable outcome of this movement was what we know as the Hydro-Electric System, which is usually regarded with great favor by the people. Rarely does one hear any criticism of it. And yet it is surely obvious that, with inefficient management, it may become a serious source of loss to the Province. Indeed it is showing signs at present calculated to disturb our peace of mind. That the management of the system should have chosen the present time as a suitable one for plunging into vast, unknown expenditures betokens a lack of prudence which is not reassuring. The easy wave of the hand with which the noble Knight, who guides the affair, signed the agreement with the threatening strikers last spring, by which, with one stroke of the pen, seven million dollars per annum were added to the expenses, is highly significant. Such a crisis and such a solution may soon arise again. The public dollar is a very nimble one and rolls smoothly from the State Treasury into the wide pockets of contractors and placemen.

But although we should insist upon securing to the individual the largest amount of liberty, it is not meant that the individual has no obligation to serve the State. Quite the contrary. He is under the deepest obligation to serve others, and the reason for giving him the fullest liberty is, that under freedom he can render the best service to the whole body of the people. Enforced public virtue, enforced generosity, are mere contradictions in terms. It is only when a man who is free to be ungenerous, chooses to be generous, that he is really so. No one can be forced to be good.

One of the special temptations of lawmakers is to make too many laws, and particularly under democratic forms of government. Legislatures in permanent session, as is often the case in this age, are exceedingly dangerous institutions. If they could be closed during seventy-five per cent of the time they are now open the health of the states they serve would be much improved. The wise man in fair health does not call the doctor too often. He trusts somewhat to nature and to Providence. Too much prohibitive legislation is bad: it tends to make hypocrites; too much legislation of a kindly, helpful sort, tends to make not only hypocrites, but also spineless weaklings. Restrictive legislation should be confined to those who would do injustice to others. Promotive legislation should not be a source of privilege to a few, and of burden-bearing to the many. The attempt should be to deal out even-handed justice to all, to protect the diligent man in the prosecution of honest business, to

punish him who would molest others. A sharp distinction should be drawn in law between sin and crime. The man who brawls in the streets in a drunken condition deserves to be punished; he is a danger and a nuisance. But it does not follow that it is good policy for the State to forbid even the moderate use in private of comparatively harmless beverages. By so doing the State may bring itself and its laws into contempt, and breed a race of anarchists. In justice it must be said that the Province of Ontario runs this risk at this juncture.

A high form of State would be one in which a good proportion of the people would be anxious to perform public service and where the government would be willing to confine itself to guidance rather than to compulsion, whether restrictive or promotive. The trouble with the people usually is that they are selfish and indifferent and very often ignorant. And since, unfortunately, election methods are, and have always been, defective, the governments that get into power are unable to give wise guidance. The result is that public action is usually clumsy, corrupt, costly and ineffective. The only cure is the increase of those who are willing to give service outside of government control. In the past too much stress has been laid on discussions regarding the forms of government. Should we cut ourselves loose from England? Should we join the United States? Should we be a republic or a monarchy? and so on, and so on.

These questions have some importance, but they probably have less than the question of, say, our future fuel. Questions regarding heat and cold, drought and rainfall, sand, clay or rock, etc., make enormous differences sometimes—make all the difference there is between Europeans, Esquimaux and Negroes. Our future civilization may be determined more by what we can grow than by the form of government we may chance to have, now or twenty years hence.

One may ask what kinds of service may be rendered the State outside of government control. One way presents itself in connection with the cultivation of our land. A good deal is being done by government agencies, such as the Guelph College, but a great deal still remains. There is room for the spending of many millions in the endowment of experimental stations up and down the Province in order to discover what reforesting, orchard planting, cereal raising, etc., we could most profitably practise. The people of Ontario do not yet adequately know what their soil and climate can do. But private action might bring better results here than public. May there be more men like Rittenhouse of Vineland!

I have already spoken of our fuel problem. We have no coal, and what shall we do in the future? How shall we warm ourselves in our long, cold winters? The price of Pennsylvania coal is already almost prohibitive. We may perhaps in the future heat ourselves

by using atomic energy, but meantime we must use simpler means. We ought perhaps to be producing wood on our bare blow-sand spots which will not grow cereals. Some of us have planted a little —enough to show what might be done. Then there is the question of petroleum. The world's stores of this precious substance are not inexhaustible. What is to take its place? Perhaps we might make alcohol from cheap farm products like potatoes, inferior fruits, etc. Another point is the many streams flowing into our lakes. They once furnished motive power for saw-mills, grist-mills, tanneries, etc. Is it possible to utilize them now for the production of electricity? We should be investigating, and any man who has money might help. There are also many problems connected with our fish, farm animals, leather-making, weaving, wood-working, minerals, building stone, etc., etc., regarding many of which there is great ignorance.

On the artistic side, too, much needs to be done. Some Ontario men have made fortunes out of paper and have donated fine gifts to hospitals, etc. But no one, so far as my knowledge goes, has ever devoted himself to the improvement of book-making—a thing in which we are very far behind.

Nor should we overlook the need of decorating the walls of our public buildings. How many square yards, nay, acres of bare walls, are there in Toronto and other towns of Ontario awaiting suitable decoration by our painters? Here there is room for unlimited devotion to the public interest.

Our learning, too, needs encouragement. Prizes, scholarships and professorships are needed in all parts, in schools and colleges, in all kinds of subjects. It is cheering to know that something is being done here by private enterprise. We have the Edward Blake and the Carter Scholarships. Mr. George B. Nicholson of Algoma is reported recently (Dec. 19) as giving a scholarship to Chapleau Continuation School. And there are a good many more, such as the Eaton Endowments, although much still remains to be done.

Witty remarks are sometimes made regarding the multitude of secret societies which flourish amongst Anglo-Saxons in North America and the trivial or sometimes corrupt things they do. And lodge influence is often evil and regrettable. Yet all these things have a useful side. They help to stimulate a public action which is practically independent of government control. How much better to have them with all their pettiness than to have an excess of censors and repressive regulation of meetings such as prevail in many countries. But these societies should be doing more for the public good. They should spend less on fine regalia and stupid processions and lend more encouragement to public sanitation, to the relief of orphans, to education and to moral effort. They do some of these now, but they might do much more.

But now I must close. I hope I may encourage some to look

deeper than the study of constitutional questions, however interesting, into the things which really determine what constitutions are, and how they are to function; into the things upon which civilization itself is founded. The relations existing between race, climatic conditions, geographical phenomena, food in its abundance or scarcity, national constitutions, municipal institutions, public or private morality, etc., etc., are very complex and difficult of elucidation, and to change a constitution may produce a much smaller result than to change an article of food or of drink.

My advice would be to worry less about political changes, to strive harder to raise intelligence and make conscience keener, convinced that if the individual rises the State will rise also, slowly perhaps, but much more surely than by the application of any amount of political engineering, flag-waving and vapid talk about the glories of civilization.

Above all let us try to prevent governments from interfering in private affairs. We have been taught that an Englishman's house is his castle. Let us try to render more solid this good old tradition and all that is akin to it. Let us not forget that all that is good in humanity must rest on a basis of self-reliance, which grandmotherly oversight tends to weaken and destroy. Free men in the exercise of liberty will sometimes do despicable wrong, but even so, there is less danger here than in the creation and development of a breed of sneaking, hypocritical creatures whose masked faces and poisoned daggers may meet us at every turn of the road in the future, if we are not careful to produce true independence of character.

MORE "PIGS" WILL "PAY THE RINT"

Canada Can Remedy Existing Economic Ills by Exploiting Its Own Mineralized Areas.

By Alexander Gray, Montreal

THE pathos of the following paragraphs appearing in the Bulletin giving the Ontario output of metalliferous mines, smelters and refining works for the first half of 1920, seems to have evoked no more than passing comment:

> "Shipments of siderite ore from the Magpie Mine by the Algoma Steel Corporation, and of briquettes produced from magnetite ore by Moose Mountain, Ltd., Hutton Township, totalled 13,962 short tons valued at $74,073. The first mentioned used its entire output in the blast furnaces of the Corporation at Sault Ste. Marie, while the latter shipped its product to Quebec and the United States. The new Helen Mine of the Algoma Steel Corporation has been diamond-drilled, and

it is estimated that over 100,000,000 tons of siderite are available for mining.

"The pig iron output by the Algoma Steel Corporation at Sault Ste. Marie, Steel Company of Canada, at Hamilton, and Canadian Furnace Company, at Port Colborne, was 321,826 short tons valued at $8,255,916. Only 58,387 tons, or 8.94 per cent of the total of 653,137 tons of ore charged to the seven furnaces in blast, was of domestic origin, the balance being imported from the United States. . . . The output of steel from pig iron was 337,048 tons valued at $1,661,570. These figures do not include any secondary steel produced in the electric furnace from scrap iron and turnings."

The proportional pig iron product from Ontario ore was set out as 28,771 tons, worth $738,079. This, in a total pig iron production of 321,826 short tons, worth $8,255,916, makes the contrast melancholy.

Equally pathetic as an offset to the nearly 600,000 tons of imported iron ore fed to Ontario furnaces, was the recorded fact that the Province shipped 13,962 tons of domestic ore and briquettes, valued at $74,073—and only part of that to the United States.

And it was an "off" period, Midland, Parry Sound and other furnaces being shut down.

That does not disguise the painful truth that the pig iron and products therefrom totalled nearly $10,000,000 in value, only $738,079 of it representing domestic ores. It becomes clear that to make 321,826 tons of pig iron and 337,048 tons of steel, using imported coal and coke, was a grave debit which economists will not ignore. They have ignored it so far, in that but slight effort has been made to remedy the leaks. What encouragement there is in the new Helen Mine siderite, is negatived by the quantity of imported iron ore, the steel products brought in—and the consumption of American Coal when Canada already has nearly 1,000,000,000 tons of semi-anthracite, 315,000,000 tons of bituminous, and 10,000,000,000 tons of sub-bituminous coal and lignite, to say nothing of the many million tons of anthracite comparable with that bought in the United States.

Between iron ores, the products thereof fabricated in the States, and the coal being annually imported, while complaisance prevails, we might as well frankly admit our manufacturing districts are subordinated adjuncts to those of the States. Therefore, Arthur V. White, Consulting Engineer to the Commission of Conservation of Canada, has ably advocated a change in our economic policy, by the development as rapidly as possible of our own fuel and power resources; also by providing for the distribution and storage of fuel. He has stated that the Prairie Provinces alone are paying nearly $19,000,000 annually to United States interests for imported

coal. His details are: Anthracite, imported annually, 533,000 tons; average cost, $6.17; freight, etc., bringing the grand total of this item up to $4,541,100. Bituminous coal imported; 2,370,000 tons; average cost $3.45; freight, $1.85; total to the United States, $12,-592,800, to which must be added the exchange at, say 10 per cent on the average—another $1,713,396, bringing the grand total of this item to $18,847,356. These estimates were framed before the recent advance in railway freights—and when coal was cheaper. His figures bearing upon our coal bill, however, are sufficiently convincing, when taken in connection with our iron ore bill, and what steel products are imported, though he dealt with but one phase of the situation. Mr. S. J. Cook, Chief of the Mining Division of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, as recently as September, stated that Canada in the past five years has imported from the United States bituminous coal in quantities varying from nine million tons in 1915 to seventeen and one-quarter million tons in 1918. During the same period, anthracite imports varied from four to five and one-third million tons. Canada's own total production in the five years cited, was:

1915	13,480,196 Tons
1916	14,815,703 "
1917	14,435,361 "
1918	15,460,385 "
1919	13,935,745 "

For the first half of the current year, Mr. Cook pointed out that Canadian receipts of American anthracite coal were 101 per cent of the three years' average, and 107 per cent of 1919 receipts. Bituminous coal receipts to June last had fallen to eighty per cent of the same period during the three preceding years. Since then bituminous imports caught up—and the *status quo* has been maintained. We have worse than a stalemate—our domestic coals representing very much less in value than the imported coals, which constitute a surtax upon our industries. Verily "coal mining in Canada has been subject to many vicissitudes," and Mr. Cook voiced the ambition of those concerned with the matter, when he further said: "Canadians will never be content to be so absolutely dependent on the United States miner, and a policy looking to the better development of Canada's coal-fields would be acclaimed by both miners and consumers. Co-ordination of effort, with the elimination of obsolete methods and unnecessary local competition in our coal-mining districts would do much towards Canada's coal problem. But governments, capitalists, and miners have all much progress yet to make before the necessary spirit of unity will be found pervading all."

Nickel, Copper, Zinc and Lead Position

No part of Canada's disjointed industrial system has been more misunderstood than nickel. Happily a clearer comprehension of this industry as a whole now exists. Our special metal awaits broader normal markets—and is prepared for them. The nearly six millions spent upon the Port Colborne Refinery of the International Nickel Company of Canada; the outlay upon storage dams and hydro-electric works by this company; the latest plans to erect a mill at which Monel Metal will be rolled—costing about $3,000,000, bespeaks the optimism of the exemplary management. At the plants of the Mond and British-American Companies more millions have been spent; so the nickel industry may be said to be equipped for the greatest possible activity. Basically it is as vital to the steel trades, and the automobile industry, as copper, zinc and lead are to the industrial arts. The same conditions governing the output of nickel, however, have curtailed copper production—and were it not for the Canadian Nickel Refineries the copper figures would make our economists sadder—and wiser, perhaps, although the suggestion that some sort of export duty be imposed would not improve matters.

Following upon the War, the Canadian output of copper dropped from 109,227,332 lbs. and 118,769,332 lbs., in 1917 and 1918 respectively, to 81,500,000 lbs. in 1919. British Columbia produced only 42,459,339 lbs. of copper in 1919, compared with 61,483,754 lbs. in 1918. The decrease of nearly 20,000,000 lbs. was the direct result of post-war conditions, and the closing down of the Granby Company for about two-thirds of the year. With the price of copper lower, this year will not record any improvement, although blister and refined copper are being produced in quantity. The Ontario output of blister copper for the first half of this year—because of the operation of the Nickel Refineries—was only 162,339 lbs. less than it was in 1919. The copper trades continue depressed. Between British Columbia and Ontario, they contributed in 1919 about 92 per cent of Canada's copper. Meanwhile metal markets have shown but slight recovery, if any, and 15-16c. copper suggests a helping hand.

To this end General Manager Warren of the Consolidated Mining & Smelting Company, with the co-operation of his influential directorate, after laying large plans whereby Canadian markets will be supplied with Canadian copper, proposes that the 1½c. a lb. duty on copper ingots be extended to include copper wire rods, which are now free when drawn into wire in Canadian plants. When the war duty of 7½ per cent was on, the company started a rod mill in the hope of supplying the 12,000 tons of copper rods, which is the normal Canadian consumption. Extensions in other directions were entailed by this enterprise. A railway to additional

sources of supply of ores was constructed. The West Kootenay power line was extended. The railway, power line, smelter extensions, etc., involved a capital outlay approximating $4,000,000. Now the Consolidated is confronted by competitive freights, high costs—and stagnant markets. As Mr. Warren expressed it to the Tariff Commission, to induce the Canada Copper Company to build the railway referred to, half-a-cent premium on the New York price of copper had to be offered. There being no market to speak of for copper in the west, the Trail people expected to cater to Toronto, Montreal and Hamilton markets for wire rods and copper ingots.

Competing with New York in these Canadian markets is precarious, since the cost of converting copper is two cents a lb. As but 15 per cent of the copper ores come from the Consolidated mines, it is obvious that the British Columbia Copper Industry is dependent upon its mines in general. Consequently British Columbia solicits a measure of protection if the Consolidated Company's up-to-date plant is to restart that province. The word "restart" is used advisedly. Until within the past few months, Trail metallurgical practice was somewhat inefficient—refractory ores calling for elastic processes. By the adoption of Oil Flotation, Mr. Warren and his directors have now overcome this handicap. Finally, and after many years, these metallurgical works can do something practical for the development of the whole province, with its undoubted mineral deposits, obviating the annual importation of six to ten million dollars' worth of copper, crude and manufactured.

Of zinc, Canada has an awkwardly-placed oversupply. In lead resources the country is richly endowed. British Columbia is asking for a bounty on foreign business and a protective duty; at least until the zinc-lead industry is more firmly established. With the exception of the Galetta Mine, in Ontario, nearly all the lead produced in Canada reaches markets through the medium of the Consolidated Mining, Smelting and Refining Works. Of the 56,737,651 lbs. of zinc produced in British Columbia in 1919, 46,460,-703 lbs. came from the Fort Steele district. In ten years, owing to the enterprise of the Consolidated Company, the British Columbia zinc output has been septupled. Yet, while British Columbia produced 41,772,916 lbs. of zinc in 1918, the value of zinc and zinc products imported in that year exceeded the value placed upon the Canadian production. As a consequence, the development of the latest zinc-lead areas, in the Gaspé Peninsula, by the Federal Zinc and Lead Company, furnishes another argument for protection. What British Columbia has disclosed in great profusion, Gaspé is presenting in a concentrated section that makes it commercially as inviting as the Joplin district, Missouri. In the circumstances, considering the long haul from Trail to markets, a co-operative combination with the Gaspé enterprise—a "spirit of

unity"—would give Canada an infinitely more important status in zinc-lead markets. The simpler zinc-lead ores of the eastern seaboard, in conjunction with the more complex ores of the Pacific Province, bestow upon the British Empire a commanding position for many years. In any event Gaspé has to be reckoned with—and its deposits suggest all the greater interest at Ottawa in order that these natural resources shall be availed of. General Manager Warren pronounced "British Preference" that does not "prefer" to be "a pest," since "England produces only 7,000 tons of lead per annum, and yet they send lead from Germany and Spain to us under the preference of three-quarter cent a pound duty." As proof of Mr. Warren's contention we have British lead imports to October 11 of $1,003,764.

Given reasonable preferment, cheaper transportation and larger home markets for the very important Gaspé zinc-lead deposit, it and British Columbia will supply the Empire, competing with Germany, Spain, Burma and Broken Hill—sources farther removed from markets than ours. What is being urged in behalf of iron and coal, is emergent as to zinc, lead and copper. It was jocularly contended of Ireland, that "the pig pays the rint." Canada's home-grown "pigs"—pig iron, pig lead, pig spelter, pig copper, pig nickel—will become "parlor boarders," without other than beneficial results. Enough "pigs" will make us self-supporting—nowadays we have to "save everything but the squeal."

CAUSES OF IRISH UNREST—J. M. SYNGE

THE writings of the late J. M. Synge seem all to be directed towards one end: to suggest in subtle, elusive ways that, after fifteen hundred years of Christianity, the bulk of the population of Ireland is still rankly, incorrigibly pagan. In *The Well of The Saints* under the heading "Scene" he has these words: "Some lonely mountain district in the east of Ireland, one or more centuries ago." A more ironical sentence was never penned. Take the word "some." It is here equivalent to "Anywhere you like. One district is as good as another. It really makes no difference." Or consider the phrase, "One *or more* centuries ago." It is as though one should say, "Any century will answer—Fifth, Tenth, Twentieth. These people have never changed; never can change. What they were in the days of Strongbow or Silken Thomas, that they are to-day. Their fate apparently is to live out for all time on this earth the wild tragedy of the heart; their faith that in the end Paradise is for the Heart alone."

Synge calls *The Well of The Saints* a Comedy. An author is, of course, the last authority on his own work. It is, however, a comedy so full of irony, so poignant, in a sense, so acrid as to leave

in our hearts no sense of lightness, but only wrath and tears. We cannot recall another instance in literature where the blind are made the object of ridicule and humor. There is something about that supreme affliction which stills the voice of criticism. From the days of Sophocles and that awful picture of "Jocasta beating out the orbs of her eyes" down to our own days, blindness has been looked upon by the healthy man or woman as the last infliction, save one, that life has to offer. Stevenson's "Black Dog," to be sure, stands as an example of crime and darkness co-existing in one and the same person; but he is not a comic figure—far from it. In the majority of cases blindness confers a look of majesty: the fixed expression of the eyes seems to give—especially in the case of bearded, handsome men—the augustness and immobility of an antique statue.

We cannot help feeling that the artist (and Synge is a great artist) who could allow his irony to play like lambent summer lightning about two old blind human wrecks dwelling in perpetual darkness, must have somewhere deep hidden in his soul a fundamental contempt for the whole of human life.

Mary Doul and her husband are discovered sitting on the roadside, in the gap of a wall, beside a ruined church. It is late autumn but still warm. Mary remarks the fact and Martin replies: "What way wouldn't it be warm, and it getting high up in the south? You were that length plaiting your yellow hair you have the morning lost on us and the people are after passing to the fair of Clash."

The keynote of the whole play is struck at the outset. The one saving salt of their lives is not the consolation of faith, but the belief, based on personal conceit, that together—barring the darkness—they are the handsomest couple in Ireland. What sustains them is not religion but vanity. There is no restraint of admiration for each other or of naïve self-praise.

"There isn't anything like the wet south wind does be blowing upon us for keeping a white beautiful skin—the like of my skin—on your neck and on your brows, and there isn't anything at all like a fine skin for putting splendour on a woman."

"You know rightly it was 'the beautiful dark (blind) woman' they did call me in Ballinatone."

There is just one rift within the lute of perfect complacency—Martin's curious belief that a fine voice connotes a fine woman. No bad guess! He keeps harping on one Molly Byrne. "She's a sweet, beautiful voice; you'd never be tired of hearing if it was only the pig she'd be calling. It should be a fine, soft, rounded woman, I'm thinking, would have a voice the like of that."

To which Mary, full of jealousy, replies: "Let you not be minded if it's flat or rounded she is; for she's a flighty, foolish woman, you'll hear when you are a long way off."

Into the midst of this strange lovers' quarrel comes, hot and breathless, Timmy the Smith, with the extraordinary intelligence that a Saint has suddenly appeared in their midst with a flask of water from an island "across a bit of the sea" where is "the grave of the four beautiful Saints," and with which he is able to cure blindness. He is described as "a fine holy man, a Saint of the Almighty God. He has a long cloak on him, and naked feet."

Martin is anxious to go to him at once; but Timmy assures him that the Saint knows of their case, and, after he has finished with his prayers "at the churches and high crosses," he will be along.

To the surprise of Timmy and the expectant pair, instead of the Saint, Molly Byrne and a Bride appear bearing the Saint's cloak, his bell, and the can containing the magic water. It would seem that the Saint did not like the look of the sky and went through the woods to pray at the crosses of Grianan. In answer to Timmy's astonished question, "And he's after leaving the holy water with the two of you?" Molly replies that the Saint entrusted the precious relics to them because "Young girls are the cleanest, holy people you'd see walking the world."

Mary Doul—*sits down laughing to herself*—"Well, the Saint's a simple fellow, and it's no lie."

Molly at once proceeds to prove the deep wisdom of Mary Doul's remark by dressing Martin up in the Saint's cloak and keeping up a fire of remarks about his fine appearance to poor, credulous, believing Mary. "There's a grand, handsome fellow, Mary Doul; and if you seen him now you'd be as proud, I'm thinking, as the Archangels below, fell out with Almighty God."

The Saint arrives, Martin departs with him to the church and, in due course, returns cured. He mistakes Molly Byrne for his wife and exclaims in rapture, "Oh, glory to God and the seven Saints that I didn't die and not see you at all. The blessing of God on the water and the feet carried it through the land. The blessing of God on this day, and them that brought me the Saint, for it's grand hair you have, and soft skin and eyes would make the Saints, if they were dark awhile and seeing again, fall down out of the sky."

Molly quickly disillusionizes him, so does the Bride, so another girl. He turns in anger on the laughing crowd and asks passionately, "Where is it you have her hidden away?" After he has finished his speech Mary Doul comes simpering along the path, and for the first time on this earth they see each other as they are.

Molly Byrne—*to Mary Doul:* "You're not saying a word, Mary. What is it you think of himself, with the fat legs on him, and the little neck like a ram?"

Mary Doul: "I'm thinking it's a poor thing when the Lord God gives you sight and puts the like of that man in your way."

Martin Doul: "It's on your two knees you should be thanking

the Lord God you're not looking on yourself, for if it was yourself you seen you'd be running round in a short while like the old screeching mad woman is running round in the glen."

Mary—*beginning to realize herself:* "If I'm not so fine as some of them said, skin——

Martin—*breaking out into a passionate cry:* "Your hair and your big eyes is it? I'm telling you there isn't a wisp on any gray mare on the ridge of the world isn't finer than the dirty twist on your head. There isn't two eyes in any starving sow isn't finer than the eyes you were calling blue like the sea."

Mary Doul—*interrupting him:* "It's the devil cured you this day, with your talking of sows; it's the devil cured you this day, I'm saying, and drove you crazy with lies."

Martin Doul: "Isn't it yourself is after playing lies on me, ten years, in the day and in the night; but what is that to you now the Lord God has given eyes to me, the way I see you an old wizendy hag, was never fit to rear a child to me itself."

Mary Doul: "I wouldn't rear a crumpled whelp the like of you. It's many a woman is married with finer than yourself should be praising God if she's no child, and isn't loading the earth with things would make the heavens lonesome above, and they scaring the larks and the crows and the angels passing in the sky."

They are only prevented from passing to personal violence by the interposition of the Saint. Then they part—Martin to take a position in Timmy's forge; Mary to wander bereft, forlorn, bitter.

In the second act we have Synge at his most cynical. Martin is engaged as a helper at the forge of Timmy the Smith, and realizes the bitterness of toil, confinement, and abuse at the hands of a scoffing and unsympathetic master. He keeps up an endless plaint from morning to night. Yet his vanity never leaves him. He saw Mary as an apparition of ugliness, but he did not see himself. When poor old Mary glides past, drawn by an irresistible spell to revisit her old haunts, his comment is: "Well, isn't it a queer thing she can't keep herself two days without looking on my face?"

Presently Molly Byrne comes sailing by in all the panoply of young beauty and Martin engages her in conversation. From commonplaces he passes to love, and soon reveals himself to the bewildered and half-hypnotized maid as a satyr with a tongue of gold. He holds her fascinated, enthralled by the power of his eloquence. He would have her give up all thought of marriage with Timmy the Smith, and go off with him "to the lands of Iveragh and the Reeks of Cork, where you won't set down the width of your two feet and not be crushing fine flowers and making sweet smells in the air." He describes her "like a high lamp would drag the ships out of the sea." This triumph of the tongue is a favorite motive with the whole school. So-called "eloquence" has been and is the curse of Ireland.

Terrified and alarmed she cries aloud for her lover, who quickly comes on the scene and casts Martin forth.

All this time his blindness has been coming back. As he reels forth he almost falls into the arms of Mary and cries in agony: "Is it darkness of thunder is coming, Mary Doul? Do you see me clearly with your eyes?" For answer she clouts him with an old sack, accompanying the words with "I see you a sight too clearly, and let you keep off from me now." He goes into the forge and shuts himself in, stands a moment with his hands to his eyes and exclaims: "And that's the last thing I'm to set my sight on in the life of the world—the villainy of a woman and the bloody strength of a man. Oh, God, pity a poor blind fellow, the way I am this day with no strength in me to do hurt to them at all. (He begins groping about for a moment, then stops.) Yet, if I've no strength in me I've voice left for my prayers, and may God blight them this day, and my own soul the same hour with them, the way I'll see them after, Molly Byrne and Timmy the Smith, the two of them on a high bed, and they screeching in hell. . . . It'll be a grand thing that time to look on the two of them; and they twisting and roaring out, and twisting and roaring again, one day and the next day, and each day, always and ever. It's not blind I'll be that time, and it won't be hell to me, I'm thinking, but the like of heaven itself; and it's fine care I'll be taking the Lord Almighty doesn't know."

Why, to this last? Lest God should remove him to some other part of hell and so rob him of the feast of the eyes!

This is the most terrible prayer in literature. What kind of a man is this behind whom stretched centuries of the Church's teaching and care?

In a scene, too long to quote, Synge brings the two old battered wrecks together again. In the recurrence of darkness (they are both blind again) they literally grope towards each other. Mary hears his slouching step and stays perfectly quiet. He approaches nearer and nearer. Mary half sighs, and he turns on her in horror. He is not sure that the sound is human or "a thing breathing on the stones." He touches her face as he is feeling about and cries out, "There's a thing with a cold, *living* face on it sitting up at my side. My road is lost on me now! Oh, merciful God, set my foot on the path this day, and I'll be saying prayers morning and night, and not straining my ear after young girls, or daring any bad thing till I die——"

Mary Doul—*indignantly:* "Let you not be telling lies to the Almighty God."

There is no help for it. They must henceforth live together; but Mary, womanlike, is determined to make him smart for his previous rough language—forgetful of her own. All this, however,

is but so much verbal sparring preliminary to the final reconcilement. What is it saves these two mis-shapen, blind, homeless wanderers? Religion? No! Vanity.

Mary Doul: "I'm bearing in mind I'm married to a little dark stump of a fellow, looks the fool of the world, and I'll be bearing in mind from this day the great hullabulloo he's after making from hearing a poor woman breathing quiet in her place."

Martin Doul: "And you'll be bearing in mind, I'm thinking, what you seen a while back when you looked down into a well, or a clear pool, maybe, when there was no wind stirring and a good light in the sky."

Mary Doul: "I'm minding that surely, for if I'm not the way the liars were saying below I seen a thing in them pools put joy and blessing in my heart. . . . for I seen my hair would be gray or white, maybe, in a short while, and I seen with it that I'd a face would be a great wonder when it'll have soft white hair falling around it, the way when I'm an old woman there won't be the like of me surely in the seven counties of the east."

Martin Doul—*with real admiration:* "You're a cute-thinking woman, Mary Doul, and it's no lie."

Martin in his turn desires a crumb of comfort; some hint from the woman who has found consolation in such a childish fashion that there may be hope for him. In vain! Mary rubs his ugliness into his very soul. In a short while his head will be "as bald as an old turnip." She dwells with malicious glee on his "rats' eyes, big ears and griseldy chin." The last reference was a mistake.

Martin Doul—*rubs his chin ruefully, then beams with delight:* "There's one thing you've forgot, if you're a cute-thinking woman itself."

Mary Doul: "Your slouching feet, is it? Or your hookey neck, or your two knees is black with knocking one on the other?"

Martin Doul—*bursting with excitement:* "I've this to say, Mary Doul. I'll be letting my beard grow in a short while, a beautiful, long, white, silken, streamy beard, you wouldn't see the like of in the eastern world. Ah, a white beard's a grand thing on an old man, a grand thing for making the quality stop and be stretching out their hands with gold or silver, and a beard's a thing you'll never have, so you may be holding your tongue."

Mary Doul—*laughing cheerfully:* "Well, we're a great pair, surely, and it's great times we'll have yet, maybe, and great talking before we die."

At the height of their hilarity the faint sound of a bell is heard, and a sudden horror falls upon them.

Mary Doul: "The Lord protect us from the Saints of God! (They listen.) He's coming this road, surely."

Off they scurry, hand in hand, taking a little path through the bog, with death on both sides of them, intent only on one thing:

to reach a bank where the elders are growing and where they will be safe from peering eyes.

Alas! vain hope. They are ferreted out and confronted once more with the miracle-worker and the terrible prospect of seeing their naked ugliness through what of time may be left them. They recoil in horror from the vista, preferring darkness and dreams. Blind, her hair may be a glory of glistening silver, a marvel of radiance like moonbeams piercing the shivered spume. Blind, his great beard may stream like a meteor over the dark purple moors filling all hearts with envy and passing into history as a tradition. And hope such as this is all Synge leaves two human souls dourly dealt with by Time and Fate! There is no faith in the eternal Justice; no looking forward "to a city that hath foundations"; no hope even of rest "after Life's fitful fever." The pure pessimism of it all!

When the holy man would work the miracle anew Martin turns savagely upon him and in scalding words throws the gift back in his face. He prefers the soft images of blindness—silver outlines against a background of velvety blackness—to the abominations of earth. He rises into the purest poetry as he dilates on the sensations that the blind experience.

Martin Doul: "Is it talking now you are of Knock and Ballavare? Ah, it's ourselves had finer sights than the likes of them, I'm telling you, when we were sitting a while back hearing the birds and bees humming in every weed of the ditch, or when we'd be smelling the sweet, beautiful smell does be rising in the warm nights, when you do hear the swift-flying things racing in the air, till we'd be looking up *in our own* minds into a grand sky, and seeing lakes and big rivers and fine hills for taking the plough."

This as though he had said: "Boast of *your* world! I have the better of you. I know both, and prefer darkness and my region of faery."

He stubbornly refuses the restoration of his sight; but Mary is prevailed upon to kneel. When this takes place he professes repentance and kneels with her; but just as the Saint is about to touch their eyes with the few remaining drops he dashes the can to the ground and seals the doom of both. He rises to his feet but he is no longer a beggar and an abortion. He suddenly assumes gigantic proportions. Through him the right of every creature to be itself, to go its way, finds voice and utterance. He acknowledges no superiority. Each soul acts out its nature; has a right to seek its own and not another's; to define its ideal of happiness; to throw back all intruders from the privacies of personality. The priest has his world and Timmy the Smith has his. Life is a struggle for existence. To survive, some plant, some pray, some trade, some steal, some beg, some rule. These are but the infinitely varied functions of one creature—man—and each separate function is exercised towards

but one end—survival. Blind, he will whine and beg and steal: sun himself on some warm bank in summer; snuggle into some rick in winter; into some rude cave when the autumn and spring rains are falling; and what he does in his way the priest will effect in another way, and for him his way is best. One would not like to believe that in this tremendous outpouring of enraged blindness Synge has given us his own philosophy of life. But let this strange oracle speak!

Martin Doul: "If I'm a poor dark sinner I've sharp ears, God help me, and it's well I heard the little splash of water you had there in the can. Go on now, holy father, for if you're a fine Saint itself, it's more sense is in a blind man, and more power maybe than you're thinking at all. Let you walk on now with your worn feet, and your welted knees, and your fasting, holy ways have left you with a big head on you and a thin, pitiful arm. For if it's a right some of you have to be working and sweating the like of Timmy the Smith, and a right some of you have to be fasting and praying and talking holy talk the like of yourself, I'm thinking it's a good right ourselves have to be sitting blind, hearing a soft wind turning round the little leaves of the spring and feeling the sun, and we not tormenting our souls with the sight of the gray days, and the holy men, and the dirty feet is trampling the world."

In a note at the end of the printed edition we read, *The Well of The Saints* was first produced in the *Abbey Theatre* in February, 1905, by the *Irish National* Theatre Society, under the direction of W. G. Fay, and with the following cast, etc.

The last speech of Martin Doul is an insult to the holy man, a repudiation of the Church, and an enunciation of the doctrine of the philosophy of the survival of the fittest through the exercise of purely animal cunning aided by acquired experience in the art of begging.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION

THE result of the presidential election is a clear illustration of the fact that in a time of grave crisis a nation always runs true to form. There was something more important at stake than the League of Nations, so far as America was concerned, and that something was precisely the maintenance of an ideal of America which only Americans can really understand.

In many respects the United States is the most conservative nation in the world. It is more conservative than France, and that is saying a great deal. Political discipline in the case of the United States is iron-clad. Not to be in regular standing is to be almost ludicrous as an aspirant for office. But it is here that the foreign critics of the system fall down so lamentably in understanding. This discipline is self-imposed. It is the fruitage of an experiment

in self-government extending back for a century and a half of time.

Briefly, it may be said that the average voter in the United States is convinced that without party discipline of the most rigid character democratic government is quite impossible. With specific groups—labor, farmer, temperance, or woman—he has no patience whatever. He dreads and suspects them all alike. With him it is "The Union One and Inseparable, Now and Forever." His experience with the Irish vote has convinced him that a recognition of racial groups will be the beginning of the end.

The party system may have its abuses, its corruptions, its injustices, but it has the supreme merit of dividing the people on large national lines and relegating to a secondary place matters of race, of class, and of theory. It is not an accident but a logical happening that, whereas in Great Britain, and alas! now in Canada, labor has formed itself into a political group and aims, *as labor*, at political domination; in the United States labor as a purely political force hardly exists. On the eve of the election just closed Mr. Samuel Gompers came out in favor of Cox. He issued a strong manifesto in which he openly attacked the Republican candidate. Now a Smilie, or a Tom Mann, can do this sort of thing with his cohorts in England; but no labor leader in the United States can control the average American working man. It was a mistake. Had Gompers been born of native American stock instead of alien parentage he never would have made such a complete "break." As a matter of fact, the stinging rebuke administered by the working men to this impudent meddler with their strictly private affairs will have a salutary and far-reaching effect, it is to be hoped, throughout the world, including Canada. Possibly the arrogant labor leaders will now understand that in the case of the average working man there is something more important even than *The Union*, and that is the welfare of the country as a whole. He is not so base and selfish as they had assumed, and is quite prepared to do his own thinking and his own voting when it comes to national affairs. Nor were the farmers of the country misled by the wild-eyed agitators who, there as here, had been going up and down the land preaching class-sedition. The returns from the purely rural districts show that in the case of the Farmer's Party it was a case of "much cry and little wool." Briefly, it may be said, that the American people have administered the *coup de grâce* to disrupters of the sacred unity of the state of every class and name. They wanted a government on historic lines with a clear majority and they got it. It is the first big movement of democracy towards sanity. The worst is over. The result of the municipal elections in England reveals that the Old Land is moving swiftly in the same direction. France will follow suit and "the King," in this case the average citizen, "will come into his own again." Then?—Hard work!

No doubt those who were enamored of The League of Nations

will be disappointed. Yet they should not be. The League of Nations looks to universal peace. But when you come to think of it, universal peace is a long way off—perhaps millenniums. In the meantime, the world is in such a condition of anarchy and unrest that, with the best intentions, no one nation is in a position, from a purely physical and financial standpoint, to assume grave foreign obligations. "Close is my coat, but closer is my skin" exactly expresses the situation. And this is not cynicism, but sound sense. "No man," we are told, "sets out to build a tower without first counting the cost." And what we are up against is cost. The world has to make up, re-create really, the colossal wastage of war—computed at two hundred and sixty billions—leaving lives and wasted units of time out of account. This is obviously the immediate problem; for unless we solve it, universal panic and bankruptcy stares the world in the face. It will be solved. Human intelligence will rise grandly to the occasion provided that for the next half century, at least, we give ourselves wholly to the problem of increasing the power of the race over Nature. But it may take half a century of time.

This is not the place, nor would it be courteous, to pass judgment on the part played in this unprecedented defeat by the present occupant of the presidential chair. He made his conviction of what he conceived the United States ought to do the one supreme issue of the campaign, and has received a final answer. It is the most crushing personal defeat in history. The people of the United States have, in effect, served notice on the world that they propose to enter no League or agreement or covenant that would bind them in advance to a fixed line of action.

Europe was a psychological revelation to the people of the United States. For the first time in their isolated career the deeps of history were unfolded. There is something pathetic about it all, not only for the people of America, but for the nations of Europe. The glamor of distance has been dissipated. Hitherto the average American has quite honestly believed, in his simplicity of heart, that all that the down-trodden nations of the earth needed to clearly grasp in order to taste the blessings of true freedom was the great American idea of government. He has been cruelly disillusionized. He discovered, to his surprise, that Europe looks upon America as decidedly reactionary and out of touch with the most advanced and radical thought. It is not Republicanism modelled on *The Declaration* that the masses of Europe are enamored of, but something much more drastic and revolutionary. To the average American the way of escape out of all his troubles is the pathway of free, bold initiative; whereas to the masses of Europe the only hope of liberation is through system. As de Tocqueville pointed out almost a century ago, if a horse should fall down in the streets of Paris not a passer-by would raise a helping hand. The matter would be left to

the authorities. In America, on the contrary, everybody in the vicinity would immediately lend a hand.

It must have come as a cruel disappointment for a proud, free people, convinced of their profound political sagacity, and almost naïvely simple in their psychology, to be assured, in so many words, that their boasted superiority was purely subjective and imaginary, and that instead of being rich they were poor. The result of all this has been that the average American has come to the conclusion that his point of view—pure personal freedom—is beyond the reach of the European, and that there is a great gulf fixed between them which may not be bridged from either side. He feels hurt and sore at the charge that, as a nation, America cares only for wealth, and that had he come into the struggle in its early stages the conflict would have been shortened by at least two years. So far as Europe is concerned, he is precisely in the condition of Father Adam after he had eaten the forbidden fruit—"knowing both good and evil." He knows now that the hatred of Italian for Austrian, of Croat for Hungarian, of French for German, of Bulgarian for Ruman, of Pole for Russian and Prussian, of Serb for Albanian, of Turk for Armenian, is as real as anything in life. Dimly it has dawned upon him that these hatreds go back a long way; into the dim dawn of history, in fact, and that they are likely to persist into an indefinite future. Himself of amazingly simple character, he is bewildered at the subtlety, the complexity, the elusiveness of peoples whose ancestral memories represent layer after layer of tradition, of belief, of love and hatred, and who in their growth but act out their natures and seem but the automata of some cosmic fate. This coming to close grips with Europe has had one undeniable result upon the average American—it has deepened and intensified his profound love for the country of his birth. The song which every American is singing at this hour is, "Hame's best."

He went into the conflict prepared, in his own picturesque phrase, "to do his damnedst." He returned sore, exasperated, disgusted. He wanted to clear the whole mess up in one glorious rush, and in his own way, only to discover that he was but one pawn on the chess-board of war, and that the secret of the grand strategy was in the hands of a single calm, masterful brain. The fault was not his. The American soldier did not fall down. He knows now, with a debt of twenty-two billions to face, and so pitifully little to show for it, where the real fault lay all the time, and he has just expressed his knowledge of the fact in a popular majority so stupendous as to take away one's breath. In that majority let every profiteer and vile politician in the United States read the just judgment of God.

In condemning Article 10 of the League of Nations—and he has condemned it—the average American is true to *his* psychology. The formation of the League of Nations had its origin and its sanction among "the elect." It came into being as the Holy Alliance came

into being—from above. It had none of the characteristics of a Parliament of Nations. Its members were not elected by the various peoples, but were appointed by the different heads of government. No doubt President Wilson honestly believed, when he committed the United States *in advance* to the programme, that he had the people behind him. On his first return from abroad, when murmurs of discontent arose he jubilantly exclaimed that "he could ask for no prettier challenge" than to fight the issue out before the people on the single ground of acceptance or rejection. Alas! for the fallibility of human judgment. The issue has just been fought out—the League was practically the only issue involved—and what now becomes of his boast? Out of the mists of the past an august shape emerged and a face, on which, in a happy moment of inspiration, a by no means great painter caught and fixed forever the quality of eternity; a voice was heard uttering to the spiritual ear of each American the solemn words, "Have nothing to do with entangling foreign alliances," and America, almost as one man, listened and obeyed.

This is not the place to discuss the League of Nations, save to remark, that its mandates will be as strong as popular sentiment and selfishness and as weak. It is clothed with certain mandatory powers; but who gave it those powers? We predict that its true office will be to act as an international clearing-house in the interests of world-wide peace, and its ultimate function will be to publish the result of such deliberations to the world. In these days no body of men can usurp the plain and undeniable prerogative of the people to make war, declare embargoes and generally order their affairs, national and international, as may seem to them best.

The American people believe in peace as deeply and firmly as any other nation upon earth. But they also believe that the ultimate power of commitment in the matter of foreign affairs must reside where it has always hitherto resided—in the hands of the Senate and the House of Representatives.

We make bold to say that what has taken place in the United States will be repeated in Canada. We also are confronted with the spectre of Disunion. There are those among us who would overturn hallowed and ancient customs and turn the very idea of Parliament into a mockery. Instead of one group representing the sentiment of the majority and the rights of all, they would pit class against class to the end, not of the central good, but to gain power for a few at the expense of all. They would substitute a crazy raft for a noble ship; a half-a-dozen captains, each jealous and envious of the other, for a trained pilot; a wild adventure into unknown and perilous waters for a haven of prosperity and happiness well in sight; would, in a word, give up the ocean and go back to the creek. America has been the first to arise in her full national majesty. We believe the world will follow, and that, in a few years at most, the barometer will remain set for many a happy year at "Fair."

THE PRESIDENT-ELECT AND WHERE HE STANDS

THOSE Simon-Pure Free Traders, of the type of the Hon. Mr. Drury, the Hon. Mr. Crerar, Clark, McMaster *et al.*, and especially that group which clings to the fond delusion that Reciprocity between the U.S. and Canada is a possibility of the near future, would be well advised to study carefully the pre-election speeches of the President-elect, the Hon. Mr. Harding. They make exceedingly interesting reading. So far as Free Trade or Reciprocity is concerned the words "Abandon Hope all ye that enter here" might as well be blazoned on the walls of Congress at once.

We must give the Hon. Mr. Harding credit for complete honesty. He has the gift of clear statements, and his recorded utterances yield not a ray of hope that the Tariff will be modified during his tenure of office, which is likely to be for eight long years.

In the first number of this monthly *The Onlooker* ventured to predict that the Republican party was coming back "with bells on it"; that revision of the Tariff would be "upward towards the stars," that "the very word Europe was anathema to the American people," and that they proposed to devote themselves to "keeping the home fires burning." *The Onlooker* lays no claim to the gift of prophecy, but from a long acquaintance with the vagaries of American politics, and from an intimate knowledge of the American type of mind, he felt reasonably sure that he had made a prediction which time would but confirm.

The bold and uncompromising statement issued by the Republican party gives the keynote to the whole situation. It reads as follows:—

"The uncertain and unsettled condition of international balances, the abnormal economic and trade situation of the world, and the impossibility of forecasting accurately even the near future, preclude the formulation of a definite programme to meet conditions a year hence. But the Republican party *reaffirms its belief in the protective principle and pledges itself to a revision of the Tariff as soon as conditions shall make it necessary for the preservation of the home market for American labor, agriculture and industry.*"

Note the words *labor* and *agriculture* in the foregoing.

What has the man who has just been returned by the most tremendous popular majority ever given in the history of Democracy to say on the subject of agriculture? We commend his utterances to the Hon. Mr. Drury and the U.F.O., and to the Hon. Alex. Crerar and the U.G.G. If, after having read and digested them they are still of the opinion that Free Trade would be a good thing for the Canadian farmer, all we have got to say is that their case is hopeless.

Speaking to a delegation of Californians on Sept. 15th, Mr. Harding made the following remarks:—

"Because the safety and prosperity of the farmers of this country are our own safety and prosperity and permanence, no man,

woman or child in the United States can fail to have an interest in protecting our basic industry—that of agriculture—*wherever Protection is necessary, by the proper use of Tariff regulation*". . . . "We have adequate national and international reasons for keeping alive our necessary agricultural industries when they are threatened by competition from lands of cheap labor or new and exploited soil *by a Protective duty upon our imports of trade.* And, of course, I use the word 'agriculture' in its broader sense, including horticulture." . . . "Just as the fruit-growers of California are willing to put American fruit first, so must America be first in upholding their efforts; and if to save this or any other worthy developing agricultural industry of America Tariff Protection is necessary, then Tariff Protection must be given."

That is to say, if lemons from Italy, Malaga grapes from Spain, currants from Greece *or peaches and grapes from the Niagara Peninsula* come into competition with American produce they will be shut out by a prohibitive tariff.

But it is not fruit alone that is singled out. Mr. Harding goes the whole catalogue. "It may well be that a long list of our farm products will require a *Republican Protective Tariff policy.* There is an increasing menace to our production of a number of farm products *in the opening of those countries which can produce under extensive methods with labor cheaper than our own.*"

This, of course, is vague; but what follows is by no means vague. He proceeds to boldly specify. "Manchuria, South Africa, the Argentine, *Canada*, Siberia, Australia, New Zealand may, in the advancing years, invade our markets and underbid our farmers. *In the case of Canada, wheat;* Argentina, corn; cane sugar from tropical islands, beetroot sugar from Europe, rice from the Orient," and so on and so on.

At the Minnesota State Fair he but repeated these arguments. He said on that occasion:—

"If we are to build up a self-sustaining agriculture here at home, the farmer must be protected from unfair competition from those countries where agriculture is still being exploited and where the standards of living on the farm are much lower than here. We have asked for higher American standards; let us maintain them." . . . . "So long as America can produce the foods we need *I am in favor of buying from America first.* Wherever America can manufacture to meet American needs—*and there is almost no limit to our genius and our resources*—I favor producing in America first."

Even the Toronto *Globe* has become alarmed over the situation. In an editorial, Nov. 4th, it has the following:—

"In Canada the chief concern will be over the attitude of the next President and the Republican Party on tariff questions. Mr. Harding has already declared for 'the American policy of protection for American industries,' including wheat, and if the Republicans

secure control of the Senate, will endeavor to make a substantial increase to the duties on agricultural products. The increases may not equal those of McKinley or Dingley, but Canadians may be prepared for an additional barrier to trade between the two countries." We have waited long for this recantation!

Since those lines were written the complete returns are in. The popular majority is in the neighborhood of seven millions, the House of Representatives is overwhelmingly Republican, so is the Senate. Mr. Harding put the matter of Protection squarely before the whole people, and they have unanimously decided to give him a free hand. He has served notice, *particularly to Canada*, that the door is "banged, barred and bolted." Under such circumstances what is the use of Mr. Crerar, Mr. Drury, or anyone else talking about Free Trade? Were we to abolish, or dangerously lower our Tariff, we would be automatically ruined. American goods of all kinds would pour in upon us; our manufacturing plants would be forced to close down; financial panic would ensue, and all we would be allowed to send to the United States would be pulp, nickel, lumber and such raw material as they might stand in need of. Not to protect ourselves against such a selfish competitor by meeting increase for increase would be to invite national suicide. "Forewarned is forearmed." We must now seek other markets for our cereals, live-stock, fruits. When McKinley destroyed the barley industry we turned to cheese and built up an immense trade. It is for our courageous manufacturers and our sturdy farmers to show the world that a small nation that has beaten the United States *three times over in foreign export trade* can continue to do so. Mr. Harding's slogan was "America for the Americans!" Our's must be "Canada for the Canadians, and 'full steam ahead' for the markets of the world!"

Sometimes an outside point of view is most valuable. Not all Americans are narrow-minded. There are important publications in that country that take broad and impartial views of international questions. One of these, and the best of its class, is *The American Economist.* This is what it has to say about the Canadian situation:

"It may be set down as final that the Canadian Tariff revision will be purely with reference to Canadian interest and not that of the American exporter. That is the way Tariff revision ought to be undertaken. If the Canadian Government were to give first heed to the desires of the American exporter it would be time for the Canadian people to put the Government on the scrap heap, and to select one that would write across the papers of its legislation: 'Canada First'."

We predict that after Mr. Harding has put his policies into effect there will not be a Free Trader left in this country; and that after the full meaning of the Republican Tariff is realized we will thank the Lord for the sensible policy inaugurated by the late Sir John A. Macdonald. "He being dead yet speaketh."

WHITE BUDS

By James Cobourg Hodgins.

The Dead Child

Sweet nursling, born of love's most tender Spring!
White lily, quickened by the heat and flame
Of thoughtless passion! thou hast taken wing
To some vast peace where life moves without blame!
After the toil and struggle is all o'er,
And this stout arm is shrivelled, and this sword
Falls clattering, and the shield I proudly bore
Where Death strode fiercest, is the last time lowered—
When my last battle has been fought and won,
And all the landscape reels to my dim sight,
And, gathering vigor, I salute the sun,
Turning brave eyes to the impending night;
It may be God shall render clear His ways,
And I, who blame, shall shout aloud His praise.

II.

The war calls loud; my comrades press around;
Friends mingle tears; then urge me to the fray:
Swords clash, fifes screech, shields burn, the strident sound
Of conflict hard and desperate dins the day.
Yea, mine own wife comes to me with wide eyes,
Full of a nameless gentleness and trust:
She strokes my hair; with sober speech and wise
She seeks to raise me from the bitter dust.
The conflict rages; but in dreams I see
On a green hillside, by a fragrant thorn,
A little mound, fixed wavelet in the sea
Of restless grass. I am again forlorn.
What now to me the battle stern and wild?
I roam in spirit with my darling child.

III.

Oh, nevermore such beauty shall I call
From that hedged plot where burns sweet passion's flower!
The incarnate vision burst, burned, met its fall;
Love reached its height; came to its final hour.
Dear child! I hold thy lily-hand in mine!
Oh, hand so chill! Oh, lips so cold and blue!
From thy dull eyes no happy yearnings shine.
Thy delicate cheeks are wan and pale of hue.
I thought to guard thee through life's tangled maze;
My sword was drawn, my armour scoured and bright;
With lance in rest I faced the perilous ways
Where dragons crawl in glooms and dreadful night.
And now my sword is rusted, and my shield.
I sit apart, too weak the lance to wield.

IV.

With tender care I watched a little flower,
Shielding it from the rough and boisterous wind;
From parching noontide; from black frosts that sour;
I hedged it in with fences rose-entwined.
Each day I noted how the sun and air
Changed the dark olive buds to scarlet fire.
Each day seduced to gayer garb and gayer.
Each day provoked a widening of desire.
Till at the last, in one great burst of flame,
My little plant burst forth in splendid pride.
It glowed, a royal wanton, without shame,
Haughty in power defying or defied.
Then came a killing frost and laid it low
'Mid weeds and dank. Alas! it should be so!

V.

Henceforth thou art become my spirit-child.
I may not hear thy prattle, nor thy cry;
Save when in musing hours I am beguiled,
And thou, with face upturned, art standing by.
Thy rose-bud lips ne'er trembled into speech!
Yet do we hold sweet converse, and I hold
Thy tiny hand in mine. Thou dost beseech
Some baby-boon, and I feign to be cold;
Yet cannot hide the twinkle that doth lurk,
As light lurks in the ruby, in mine eye.
In vain I plead the inexorable monster work:
In vain I strive to drown insistent cries!
Love conquers, and we sally to the fray;
Returning burdened with the spoils of May.

VI.

I see thee growing up from child's estate;
I follow thee with hungry eyes; I sigh
To think that Time, impetuous, will not wait,
But spoils thy girlhood as he hurries by.
Lo, as by magic and swift sorcery
The child dies and the woman walks in power!
I see thee taste the cup of ecstacy,
Mounting in triumph to thy nuptial-hour.
I am grown old, but as I watch the pride
And glory of thy conquest I rejoice.
A sweeter, tenderer note, a passion wide
As all the world now seeks to find a voice.
Through thee my name shall touch the farthest shore.
Alas! sweet child, alas! thou comest no more!

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